

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



IN ADAM HALLIBURT'S COTTAGE.

MAIDEN MAY.

CHAPTER III.—SAFE TO LAND.

AS Adam Halliburt and his son sprang into the cabin, they saw in a small cot by the side of a larger one, a little girl, her light hair falling over her fair young neck. She lifted her head and gazed at them from her blue eyes with looks of astonishment mingled with terror.

"Is no one with you, my pretty maiden?" ex-

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claimed Adam; "how came you to be left all alone here?"

"Ayah gone. I called, she no come back," answered the child.

"This is no place for you, my little dear, we will take care of you," said Adam, lifting her up and wrapping the bedclothes round her, for she was dressed only in her nightgown.

"Oh, let me go; I must stay here till my ayah comes back," cried the child; yet she did not struggle,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

comprehending, it seemed, from the kind expression of Adam's countenance, that he intended her no harm.

"The person you speak of won't come back, I fear; so you must come with us, little maid, and if God wills we will carry you safely on shore," answered Adam, folding the clothes tighter round the child, and grasping her securely in his left arm as a woman carries an infant, and leaving his right one at liberty, for this he knew he should require to hold on by, until having made his way across the heaving, slippery deck, he could take the necessary leap into the boat.

"It is wet and cold, we must cover you up," he said, adding to himself, "The child would otherwise see a sight enough to frighten her young heart."

The little girl did not again speak as Adam carried her through the cabins.

"You must let go those things, lads, and stand ready for lending me a hand to prevent any harm happening to this little dear," he said, as he mounted the companion-ladder.

Before reaching the deck he drew the blanket over the child's face, and then, with an activity no younger seaman could have surpassed, he sprang to the side of the ship and grasped a stanchion, to which he held on while he shouted to the crew of his boat, who had for safety's sake pulled her off a few fathoms from the wreck, keeping their oars going to retain their position.

"Pull up now, lads! We have got all there is time for," he cried out. "Ben and Tom, do you leap when I do. I have a little maid here, my lads, and we must take care no harm comes to her."

While he was speaking the boat was approaching. Now she sank down, almost touching the treacherous sands beneath her keel—now, as the sea rolled in, part of which broke over the wreck, she rose almost to a level with the deck. Adam, who had been calculating every movement she was about to make, sprang on board. Steadying himself by the shoulders of the men, he stepped aft with his charge. Ben and Tom followed him.

The men in the bows, immediately throwing out their starboard oars, pulled the boat's head round, and the next instant, the mast being stepped and the sail hoisted, the Nancy was flying away before the following seas towards the shore. Adam steered with one hand while he still supported the child on his arm.

"You are all right now, my little maid," he said, looking down on her sweet face, the expression of which showed the alarm and bewilderment she felt, he having thrown off the blanket.

"We will soon have you safe on shore in the care of my good dame. She will be a mother to you, and you will soon forget all about the wreck and the things which have frightened you."

As Adam turned a glance astern, he was thankful that he had not delayed longer on board the wreck. The wind blew far more fiercely than before, and the big seas came hissing and foaming in, each with increased speed and force.

The Nancy flew on before them. The windmill, the best landmark in the neighbourhood, could now be discerned through the mist and driving spray. Adam kept well to the north of it. The small house near the pier-head, which served to shelter pilots and beachmen who assembled there, next came into view, and the Nancy continuing her course,

guided by the experienced hand of her master, now mounting to the top of a high sea, now descending, glided into the mouth of the harbour, up which she speedily ran to her moorings.

Adam, anxious to get his little maid, as he called her, out of the cold and damp, and to place her in charge of his wife, sprang on shore. Jacob, who had been on the look-out for the return of the Nancy since dawn, met him on the landing-place.

"Are all safe, father?" he asked, in an anxious tone.

"All safe, boy, praised be His name who took care of us, and no thanks to that poor creature, Mad Sal, who would have frightened the lads and me from going off, and allowed this little maid here to perish."

"What! have you brought her from the wreck?" inquired Jacob, eagerly, looking into the face of the child, who at that moment opened her large blue eyes and smiled, as she caught sight of the boy's good-natured countenance.

"Is she the only one you have brought on shore, father?" he added.

"The only living creature we found on board, more shame to those who deserted her, though it was God's ordering that she might be preserved," answered Adam. "But run on, Jacob, and see that the fire is blazing up brightly, we shall want it to dry her damp clothes and warm her cold feet, the little dear."

"The fire is burning well, father, I doubt not, for I put a couple of logs on before I came out; but I will run on and tell mother to be ready for you," answered Jacob, hastening away.

Adam followed with rapid strides.

The dame stood at the open door to welcome him as he entered.

"What, is it as Jacob says, a little maid you have got there?" she exclaimed, opening her arms to receive the child from her husband.

The dame was an elderly, motherly-looking woman, with a kindly smile and pleasant expression of countenance, which left little doubt that the child would be well cared for.

"Bless her sweet face, she is a little dear, and so she is!" exclaimed the dame, as she pressed her to her bosom. "Bless you, my sweet one, don't be frightened now you are among friends who love you!" she added, as she carried her towards the fire which blazed brightly on the earth, and observed that the child was startled on finding herself transferred to the arms of another stranger.

"Bring the new blanket I bought at Christmas for your bed, Jacob, and I will take off her wet clothes and wrap her in it, and warm her pretty little feet. Don't cry, deary! don't cry!" for the child, not knowing what was going to happen, had now for the first time begun to sob and wail piteously.

"Maybe she is hungry, for she could have had nothing to eat since last night, little dear," observed Adam, who was standing by, his damp clothes steaming before the blazing fire.

"We will soon have something for her, then," answered the dame.

Jacob brought the blanket, which the dame gave Adam to warm before she wrapped it round the child.

"Run off to Mrs. Carey's as fast as your legs can carry you, and bring threepennyworth of milk," she said to her son. "Tell her why I want it; she must

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send her boy to bring in the cow; don't stop a moment longer than you can help."

Jacob, taking down a jug from the dresser, ran off while the dame proceeded to disrobe the little stranger, kissing and trying to soothe her as she did so. Round her neck she discovered a gold chain and locket.

"I was sure from her looks that she was not a poor person's child, this also shows it," she observed to her husband; "and see what fine lace this is round her nightgown. It was a blessed thing, Adam, that you saved her life, the little cherub; though, for that matter, she looks as fit to be up in heaven as any bright angel there. But what can have become of those to whom she belongs? Of one thing I am very sure, neither father nor mother could have been aboard, for they would not have left her."

"I'll tell thee more about that anon," observed Adam, recollecting the poor coloured woman whose wretched fate he had discovered; "I think thou art right, mother."

The child had ceased sobbing while the dame was speaking, and now lay quietly in her arms enjoying the warmth of the fire.

"She will soon be asleep and forget her cares," observed the dame, watching the child's eyelids, which were gradually closing. "Now, Adam, go and get off thy wet clothes, and then cut me out a piece of crumb from one of the loaves I baked yestere'en, and bring the saucepan all ready for Jacob when he comes with the milk."

"I'll get the bread and saucepan before I take off my wet things," answered Adam, smiling. "The little maid must be the first looked to just now."

Jacob quickly returned, and the child seemed to enjoy the sweet bread-and-milk with which the dame liberally fed her.

A bed was then made up for her near the fire, and smiling her thanks for the kind treatment she received, her head was scarcely on the pillow before she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER IV.—MAY'S NEW HOME.

"WHAT are you going to do with her?" asked Jacob, who, having stolen down from his roosting-place after a short rest, found his father and mother sitting by the fire watching over the little girl, who was still asleep.

"Do with her!" exclaimed Dame Halliburt, looking at her husband, "why, take care of her, of course, what else should we do?"

"No one owns her who can look after her better than we can; we have a right to her, at all events, and we will do our best for the little maiden," responded Adam, returning his wife's glance.

"I thought as how you would, father," said Jacob, in a tone which showed how greatly relieved he felt. "I knew, mother, you would not like to part with the little maid when once you had got her, seeing we have no sister of our own; she will be a blessing to you and to all of us, I am sure of that."

"I hope she will, Jacob; I sighed, I mind, when I found you were not a girl, for I did wish to have a little daughter to help me, though you are a good boy, and you mustn't fancy I love you the less because you are one."

"I know that, mother," answered Jacob, in a cheerful tone; "but I don't want her to work instead of me, that I don't."

"Of course not, Jacob," observed Adam; "she is a little lady born, there is no doubt about it; and we must remember that, bless her sweet face. I could not bear the thoughts of such as she having to do more work than is good for her. Still, as God has sent her to us, if no one claims her we must bring her up as our own child, and do our best to make her happy, and she will be a light and joy in the house."

"That I'm sure she will," interrupted Jacob; "and Ben and Sam and I will all work for her, and keep her from harm, just as much as if mother had had a little maid, that we will."

"Yes, yes, Jacob, I am sure of it," exclaimed the dame, smiling her approval as she glanced affectionately at her son.

So the matter was settled, and the little girl was to be henceforth looked on as the daughter of the house.

"Of course, dame, I must do what I can, though, to find out whether the little maid has any friends in this country," observed Adam, after keeping silence for some minutes, as if he had been considering over the subject; "she may or she may not, but when I come to think of the poor dark woman who was on board, and who I take to have been her nurse, she must have come from foreign parts. Still, as she speaks English, even if her fair hair and blue eyes did not show that, it is clear that she has English parents, and if they were not on board, and I am very sure they were not, she must have been coming to some person in England, who will doubtless be on the look-out for her. So you must not set your heart on keeping the little maiden, for as her friends are sure to be rich gentlefolks she would be better off with them than with us."

"As to that, Adam, I have been thinking as you have; but then you see it's not wealth that gives happiness, and if we bring her up and she knows no other sort of life, maybe she will be as happy with us as if she were to be a fine lady," answered the dame, looking affectionately at the sleeping child.

"But right is right," observed Adam; "we would not let her go to be worse off than she would be with us, that's certain; but we must do our duty by her, and leave the rest in God's hands."

Just then the child opened her large blue eyes, and, after looking about with a startled expression, asked, "Where ayah?" and then spoke some words in a strange-sounding language, which neither the fisherman nor his wife could understand.

"She you ask for, my sweet one, is not here," said the dame, bending over her; "but I will do instead of her, and you just think you are at home now with those who love you, and you shall not want for anything."

While the dame was speaking, the two elder lads came down-stairs, and as the appearance of so many strangers seemed to frighten the little girl, Adam, putting on his thick coat and sou'-wester, and taking up his spy-glass, called to his sons to come out and see what had become of the ship.

They found it blowing as hard as ever. The sea came rolling towards the shore in dark foaming billows. The atmosphere was, however, clear; and the wreck could still be distinguished, though much reduced in size. While Adam had his glass turned towards it he observed the mizzen-mast, which had hitherto stood, go by the board, and the instant

afterwards the whole of the remaining part of the hull seemed to melt away before the furious seas which broke against it.

"I warned you that the ship was doomed, and that no human being would reach the shore alive," shrieked a voice in his ears; "such will be the fate, sooner or later, of all who go down on the cruel salt sea."

Adam turning saw Mad Sally standing near him, and pointing with eager gestures towards the spot where the wreck had lately appeared.

"Ah, ah, ah!" she shouted, in wild, hoarse tones, resembling the cries of the sea-gull as it circles in the air in search of prey.

"Sad news, sad news, sad news I bring,
Sad news for our good king,
For one of his proud and gallant ships
Has gone down in the deep salt sea, salt sea,
Has gone down in the deep salt sea."

"Yonder ship has gone to pieces, there is no doubt about that, mother," said Adam; "but you were wrong to warn us not to go off to her, for go off we did, and brought one of her passengers on shore who would have perished if we had listened to you, so don't fancy you are always right in what you say."

"If you brought human being from yonder ship woe will come of it. Foolish man, you fought against the fates who willed it otherwise."

"I know nothing about the fates, mother," answered Adam; "but I know that God willed us to bring on shore a little girl we found on board, and protected us while we did so."

"Think you that He would have protected you when he did not watch over my boy, who was carried away over the salt sea?" she exclaimed, making a scornful gesture at Adam. "He protects not such as you, who madly venture out when in his rage he stirs up the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea," and she broke out into a wild song—

"There were three brothers in Scotland did dwell,
And they cast lots all three,
Which of them should go sailing
On the wide salt sea, salt sea;
Which of them should go sailing
On the wide salt sea;"

and, wildly flourishing her arms, she stalked away towards the cliffs, up which she climbed, still making the same violent gestures, although her voice could no longer be heard, till she disappeared in the distance.

A number of people had collected along the beach, eagerly looking out for any portion of the wreck or cargo which might be washed on shore, but they looked in vain; the sands swallowed up the heavier articles, while the rest were swept by the tide out to sea. Nothing reached the shore by which the name or character of the vessel which had just gone to pieces could be discovered.

Adam Halliburt, finding that there was no probability of the weather mending sufficiently to enable the Nancy to put to sea, returned home.

"Look you, lads," he observed, calling his sons to his side; "you heard what that poor mad woman said. You see how she was all in the wrong when she told us not to put off to the wreck, and warned us

that we should come to harm if we did. Now, to my mind, she is just a poor mad creature; but if she does know anything which others don't, it's Satan who teaches her, and he was a liar from the beginning, and therefore she is more likely to be wrong than right; and when you hear her ravings, don't you care for them, but go on and do your duty, and God will take care of you; leave that to him."

"Aye, aye, father," answered Jacob; "she would have had us leave the little maiden to perish, if we had listened to her; I will never forget that."

While the elder lads went on board the Nancy to do one of the numberless jobs which a sailor always finds to be done on board his craft, Jacob and his father entered the cottage.

The little girl was seated on the dame's knee, prattling in broken language, which her kind nurse in vain endeavoured to understand. She welcomed the fisherman and his son with a smile of recognition.

"Glad to see you well and happy, my pretty maiden," said Adam, stooping down to kiss her fair brow, his big heart yearning towards her as if she were truly his child.

"Maidy May," she said, with an emphasis on the last word, as if wishing to tell him her proper name.

"Yes, our 'Maiden May' you are," he answered, misunderstanding her, and from that day forward Adam called her Maiden May, the rest of the family imitating him, and she without question adopting the name.

CHAPTER V.—DAME HALLIBURT.

DAME HALLIBURT was a good housewife, and an active woman of business. Every morning she was up betimes with breakfast ready for her husband and sons waiting the return of the Nancy, and as soon as her fish-baskets were loaded, away she went, making a long circuit through the neighbouring country to dispose of their contents at the houses of the gentry and farmers, among whom she had numerous customers. She generally called at Texford, though, as Sir Reginald Castleton lived much alone, she was not always sure of selling her fish there, and had often to go a considerable distance out of her way for nothing. If Mr. Grocock, the steward, happened to meet her on the road, he seldom failed to stop his cob, or when she called at the house to come out and inquire what was going on at Hurlston, or to gain any bits of information she might have picked up on her rounds.

Maiden May had been for upwards of a year under her motherly care, when one morning as she was approaching Texford with her heavily-loaded basket, she caught sight of the ruddy countenance of Mr. Grocock, with his yellow top-boots, ample green coat, and three-cornered hat on the top of his well-powdered wig, jogging along the road towards her.

"Good-morrow, dame," he exclaimed, pulling up as he reached her; "I see that you have a fine supply of fish, and you will find custom, I doubt not, at the Hall this morning. There are three or four tables to be served, for we have more visitors than Sir Reginald has received for many a day."

As he spoke, he looked into the dame's basket, turning the fish with the handle of his whip.

"Ah, just put aside that small turbot and a couple of soles for my table, there's a good woman,

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will you? You have plenty besides for the house-keeper to choose from."

"I will not forget your orders, Mr. Grocock," said the dame; "and who are the guests, may I ask?"

"There is Mrs. Ralph Castleton and her two sons, the eldest, Mr. Algernon, who is going to college soon, and Mr. Harry, a midshipman, who has just come home from sea; a more merry, rollicking young gentleman I never set eyes on; indeed, if the house was not a good big one he would turn it upsidedown in no time. There is also his sister, Miss Julia, with her French governess, and Sir Reginald's cousins, the Miss Pembertons. One of them, the youngest, Miss Mary they call her, is blind, poor dear lady; but, indeed, you would not think so to see the bright smile that lights up her face when she is talking, and few people know so much of what is going on in the world, not to mention all about birds, and creeping things, and flowers. The other day she was going through the garden, when just by touching the flowers with her fingers she was able to tell their colour and their names as well as the gardener himself.

"Then there is a Captain Fancourt, a naval officer, a brother of Mrs. Ralph Castleton, and Mr. Ralph Castleton himself is expected, but he is taken up with politics and public business in London, and it is seldom he can tear himself away from them."

"I suppose Mr. Ralph, then, is Sir Reginald's heir?" observed the dame.

"That remains to be seen," answered the steward. "You know Sir Reginald has another nephew older than Mr. Ralph, who has been abroad since he was a young man. Though he has not been heard of for many years, he may appear any day. The title and estates must go to him, whatever becomes of the personality."

"You know when I was a girl I lived in the family of Mr. Herbert Castleton, their father, near Morbury, so I remember the young gentlemen as they were then, and feel an interest in them, and so I should in their children."

"Ah! that just reminds me that you or your husband may do Master Harry a pleasure. He has not been on shore many days before he is wanting to be off again on the salt water, and who should he fall in with but Miles Gaffin, who came up here to see me about the rent of the mill. Master Harry found out somehow or other that Miles had a lugger, and nothing would content him but that he must go off and take a cruise in her. Now, between ourselves, Mrs. Halliburt, I do not trust that craft or her owner. You know, perhaps, as much about them as I do; your husband knows more, but I think it would content the young gentleman if Halliburt would take him off in his yawl, and he need not go so far from the shore as to run any risk of being picked up by an enemy's ship."

"Bless you, Mr. Grocock, of course Adam will be main proud to take out Sir Reginald's nephew, and for his own sake will be careful not to go far enough off the land to run the risk of being caught by any of the French cruisers," answered the dame. "When would the young gentleman like to come? He must not expect man-of-war's ways on board the Nancy, and it would not do for Adam and the lads to lose their day's fishing."

"As to that, he is not likely to be particular, and the sooner he can get his cruise the better he will be

pleased. It seems strange to me that any one, when once he is comfortable on shore, should wish to be tumbling about on the tossing sea. Though I have lived all my life in sight of the ocean, I never had a fancy to leave the dry land. Give me a good roof over my head, plenty to eat and drink, and a steady cob to ride, it's all I ask; a man should be moderate in his desires, dame, and he will get them satisfied, that is my notion of philosophy."

"Ah! and a very good notion too," said Mistress Halliburt, who had great respect for the loquacious steward of Texford. "But you will excuse me, Mr. Grocock, I ought to be up at the Hall. I will tell Adam of Master Harry's wish, and he will be on the look-out for him."

"Here comes the young gentleman to speak for himself," said the steward.

At that moment a horse's hoofs were heard clattering along the road, and a fine-looking lad in a midshipman's uniform cantered up on a pony, holding his reins slack, and sitting with the careless air of a sailor. He had a noble broad brow, clear blue eyes, and thick, clustering, brown curls, his countenance being thoroughly bronzed by southern suns and sea air. His features were well formed and refined, without any approach to effeminacy.

"Good-morrow, Mr. Grocock," he exclaimed, in a clear voice, pulling up as he spoke. "Good-morrow, dame," he added, turning to Mrs. Halliburt.

"I was just speaking to the dame here about your wish, Mr. Harry, to take a trip to sea. Her husband, Adam Halliburt, has as fine a boat as any on the coast, and he is a trustworthy man, which is more than can be said, between ourselves, of the tenant of Hurlston Mill. Adam will give you a cruise whenever you like to go, wind and weather permitting, though, as the dame observed, you must not expect much comfort on board the Nancy."

"I care little for comfort—we have not too much of that sort of thing at sea to make me miss it," answered Harry, laughing. "If the dame can answer for her husband, I will engage to go as soon as he likes."

"Adam will be glad to take you, I am main sure of that, Mr. Harry," said the dame. "But as the Nancy will be ready to put off before I get back, I would ask you to wait till to-morrow afternoon, when she will go out for the night's fishing."

Harry, well pleased at the arrangement, having wished the dame good-by, accompanied Mr. Grocock on his morning's ride.

A FORGOTTEN POEM.

IN or about the autumn of the year 1824, the following verses, describing the Coronation of Charles the Tenth of France, appeared in the Poet's Corner of a west country newspaper. We believe the authorship was never acknowledged, and we have never met with them in print since that time. Half a century has elapsed since the present writer cut them out and transferred them to his scrap-book. He was struck when he read them by the prophecy involved in the concluding lines of the ninth stanza, and was not unwilling to learn how far that prophecy might be fulfilled. We need hardly remind the reader that it was virtually if not literally fulfilled six years afterwards. Charles the Tenth was de-

throned unceremoniously enough in 1830, and in the following year he made a formal abdication and accepted the proffered hospitality of England. There must be many persons yet living in Edinburgh who can well remember him as leading a quiet unobtrusive life at Holyrood. He died in 1836.

Our readers will not suspect us of endorsing in all respects the sentiments of this remarkable and spirited production. We reproduce it here because it is interesting as an eloquent expression of feelings and opinions much more prevalent in England fifty years ago than they are now, but certainly not a whit more prevalent in France at the present time than they were then. It is further interesting from its own intrinsic merit. Its chief claim to notice now, however, consists in its remarkable relation to late and to existing predicaments in France—to the possibilities—now coming forward to the front, now retreating far into the background—of a return to circumstances singularly similar to those under which it was composed. From the maze of saddening events and political entanglements of the last two or three years, another Bourbon emerged—another claimant, under the boasted sanction of Divine Right, to the throne of France. History, it is said, repeats itself. How far will the repetition go in this case? Will the “king-crowning city,” so lately in the grasp of the conquering Teutons, ever again enthrone a legitimate ruler? And if so, why may not this high-sounding litany with its oracular voice serve to warn the consenting powers and the jubilant people—those of the fragile nature of all earthly greatness, and these of their duty to secure all the guarantees they can for their liberties?

CORONATION OF CHARLES X.

King-crowning City of Rheims, rejoice!

Your banners be waved from each steeple;
Let your bells be rung, and the cannon's voice
Unite with the shouting people,
And the trumpet, the drum, and the cymbal make
Your time-worn walls to their basement shake!

Kings in the Cross and the Gospel's right,
Sultans upholding the Crescent;
Let a Moor, and a Turk, and a Christian knight,
From each as a pledge be present;
For when monarchs are crowned ye should all
combine,
And every creed own a right divine.

Bishops and priests in your mitred array,
By the Cardinal legate recruited,
(Finger-posts pointing to heaven the way
While your feet in the earth are rooted,)
Rebuke other idols—pour oil on your own,
And teach us to worship the god of the throne.

Nobles and chiefs whom our monarchs have made
Their puppets to brighten the pageant,
Boastfully blazon your pomp and parade,
And ennoble the act by the agent;
For your pride to your fellows will better accord
With the meanness that kneels to its sovereign
Lord.

Frenchmen, who rivet the crown upon one,
That millions may grovel dependent,—

Strangers, from far habitations who run
To gaze at a bubble resplendent,—
What is the glory that dazzles your eyes,
And what is the deed that ye solemnise?

Charles! thou art crowned as a sovereign dread,
O'er the realm of France appointed;
Thy brother was such—yet they cut off his head—
The head of the Lord's anointed!
Learn from his fate that “legitimate” might
Is vain when it wars with a nation's right.

Ye rulers! Dey, sultan, king, emperor, pope,
United in holy alliance,
Who see in this act an additional hope
That the world may be held at defiance,
Remember, 'twas this single people of Gaul,
When roused by oppression, that humbled ye all.

Bishops and priests who have lavished your oil,
And given the Bourbon a blessing;
Such were your prayers, and your oaths, and your
toil,
When his Corsican rival caressing:—
The God ye dishonour your mockery loaths,
When ye consecrate kings with such prostitute
oaths.

Frenchmen, who smote from one monarch his head,
To install him a canonised martyr,
And took back the brother to reign in his stead,
Who broke both his oath and the charter;
This is a Bourbon, a brother—beware!
And uncrown him at once if his oath he forswear.

Ye chosen of chivalry, noble and great,
Who grace this august coronation;
Ye beauties whose splendour confers on the fête
Its brightest and best decoration;
Ye numberless crowds who are hailing your king,
Ye troops whose reply makes the firmament ring—

Like quick-falling stars shall your glories die,
When time is a little older;
The head ye have crowned in the sod shall lie,
And your own beside it moulder,
And all that is left of this proud array
Shall be dust and ashes, and bones and clay.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD:

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., MONTREAL.

I.—EXPLANATORY AND INTRODUCTORY.

SOMEWHERE in the past, the long ages of the prehuman geologic record join and merge into the human period. The day when the first man stood erect upon the earth and gazed upon a world which had been shaped for him by the preceding periods of the creative work, was the definite beginning of the Modern Period in Geology. If that day could be fixed in the world's calendar, on reaching it the geologist might lay down his hammer and yield the field to the antiquarian and the historian. On that day a world, for long ages the abode of brute creatures, became for the first time the habitation of a rational soul. On it the old and unvarying machinery of nature first became amenable to the

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action of a conscious, independent earthly agent. On it a new and marvellous power—that of human will—was introduced upon our planet. No wonder, then, that in our critical and sceptical time, when men are no longer satisfied with traditions, or even with sacred history, questions as to this mysterious meeting-place of the past and present should be agitated with an engrossing interest, and that all our varied stores of scientific and historical knowledge should be brought to bear on it. Nor need we wonder that obscurity still rests upon the subject when regarded from the standpoint of science and secular history. It is connected, in so far as geology is concerned, with difficult and controverted questions of the Glacial period and its close, and in the domain of archaeology with the darkness that antedates the beginning of literature. It thus forms an appropriate battleground for active spirits eager to reach new truths. The evolutionist searches in its obscurity for the transition from apes to men. The geologist painfully gathers the faint traces of forgotten tribes preserved in caves and gravels, and the archaeologist joins him in his quest.

The result has been the accumulation of a great mass of facts (of which, however, many are doubtful in their import), the initiation of many controversies, and the production of a general vague impression that science has unsettled all our previous views as to the origin and antiquity of man. While popular writers have boldly asserted this last conclusion as established beyond dispute, the more cautious and those who have the best opportunities of weighing the evidence are well aware of its doubtful and uncertain character; and the attempt recently made by one of the greatest and most judicial minds among English geologists to sum up the actual results,* while it startles the reader with the magnitude and strangeness of the questions suggested, appals him with their complexity and difficulty.

To those who, like the writer of these papers, have long been familiar with the manners of the American aborigines and with the antiquities of America, the facts detailed in such publications as Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," Christie and Lartet's "Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ," Morlot's *Memoirs on the Swiss Lake Habitations*, and Dupont's on the Belgian Caves, appear like a new edition of a familiar story; and as Dr. Wilson has well shown in his "Prehistoric Man," existing humanity, as it appears in the native American, is little else than a survival of primeval man in Europe. Why, then, should not that method of reasoning from existing causes to explain ancient facts, by which geology has achieved its greatest triumphs, be applied to the extinct tribes of the old world? Why should not the enormous mass of existing information as to rude man in America be employed to illustrate and explain conditions long since passed away in the eastern continent?

To attain successfully such a result requires something more than the desultory and imperfect references which have been casually made by writers on European archaeology. It requires that large and systematic views of the culture of the American nations should be placed beside the results of European research, and that such comparisons shall not be overloaded with details, but shall be given in a distinct and pictorial form. It has occurred to me that this may best be done by taking up our position

on the antiquities of one tribe or locality, connecting the others with this so as to show the grand and homogeneous nature of the American culture, and then applying the whole to European facts and difficulties.

I shall therefore take as my starting-point the primitive town of Hochelaga, the predecessor of the fair city of Montreal, and shall present to the reader American and European prehistoric times as they would appear to an inhabitant of that ancient town. We shall thus at least obtain a novel insight, remote from that of the ordinary geologist or archaeologist, and which may aid us in interpreting some things which from his point of view are most difficult to understand. We shall, I hope, find that such change of base in our attack on prehistoric times may afford advantages of a peculiar character, and may enable us to correct some of the fanciful and enthusiastic impressions of those who look back on prehistoric times in Europe from the, perhaps, too elevated standpoint of a matured civilisation to which the rude hunter, with his weapons of stone and bone, seems a creature almost too remote to have approached within thousands of years, and rather to be pushed back into the mists of an archaic and forgotten antiquity to consort with the mythical anthropoid apes from which the evolutionist proposes to derive our species. Since, however, in the following papers we shall be occupied almost exclusively with American facts, and must refer from them to the discoveries made in Europe, and as the reader may not be familiar with the aspects of prehistoric time to European geologists and antiquarians, I may here shortly explain the usually-received views with reference to those times anterior to history, and the terms by which they are designated.

We have the misfortune, according to archaeologists, to live in the "Iron Age," a fact of which we are also reminded by our roads and ships, and by the too great prevalence of a cold, dead materialism, to which all that is not iron and steel, or their equivalent in money, is mere superstition, and which derides the beliefs of the world's earlier times. This Iron Age represents, in Europe at least, the period of written history, for even in Greece the earliest literature goes back merely to the time when the Iron Age of that country was beginning. In the East a far earlier literature exists, but this also does not go beyond the earlier age of iron in that part of the world—the Iron Age of the East having apparently antedated the Iron Age of Europe, much as the latter did that of America. The date of the beginning of the Iron Age is a point altogether indefinite. In Asia Tubalcain may have inaugurated it before the Deluge. In America it is making its way to-day in direct conflict with the age of Stone among the more remote tribes. When we speak, therefore, of the Iron, Bronze, and Stone Ages, it is useless, if we wish to attach any definite meaning to our language, to extend its application beyond the temperate latitudes of Western Europe.

Copper, and bronze, the alloy of copper and tin, were in prevalent use before iron; and bronze with its ingredients well proportioned was no bad substitute for the most useful of metals, having the advantage besides of not perishing by rust, and of being easily molten into any required shape. The Bronze Age precedes the date of written history in Western Europe. It attained its acme before the Roman legions had swept over the European plains,

* Lyell, "Antiquity of Man," fourth edition.

when the civilising element was mainly represented by Phœnician traders visiting the coasts, and when the rude primeval tribes were shaping themselves into nations, and acquiring the arts of life from the more cultivated peoples of the South and East. As in the case of the Iron Age, we can attach no definite limits to its beginning or to its end. There must have been a time when the Iron Age was fully established on the shores of the Mediterranean, while yet in the inland and northern nations the Age of Bronze coexisted with the earlier Age of Stone, and in some places the Iron Age must have come abruptly into conflict with that of Stone, without the intervention of the Age of Bronze, as it has done in America.

This last Age, that of Stone, in the South of Europe,

Hill of the Sailors or Sea-rovers, standing till 1838 in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, in the midst of modern civilisation. It is of no mean size, being fifteen feet high, and one hundred and twenty in diameter, but no history tells its origin or the cause of its name. It has to be levelled, and then it appears that it has been built by human hands. Under the centre was a massive stone tomb, or cromlech, holding the remains of two male skeletons in a sitting or crouching posture, and other bones, possibly of a dog. Shells of the common *Littorina*, perforated for stringing, lay beside the skulls, and a stone arrow-head and a pin or hair-support of bone. Around the margin of the tumulus were stone cists, each containing a small vase and calcined bones, the remains of offerings to the dead. This, as we shall see in the

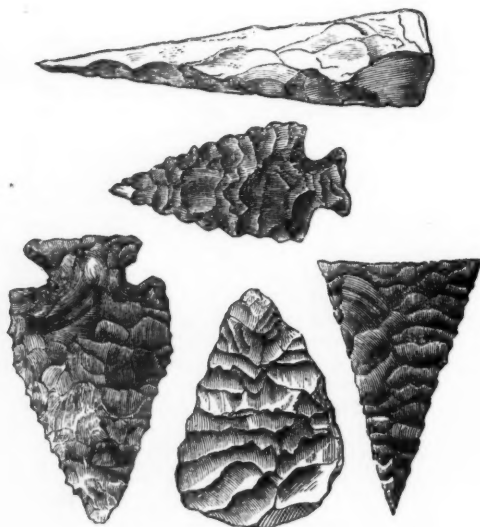


Fig. 1.—Implements of Chipped Stone, Europe.
(After Nilsson and others.)



Fig. 2.—Implements of Chipped Stone, North America.
(After Squier.)

antedates all written history. In the many-sided East, however, we find stone-cutting instruments in use in Egypt and Syria long after the dawn of literature, and intruding themselves into Europe in some of the detachments which joined the army of Xerxes, while in remote corners of the North of Europe some uses of stone weapons reached almost into the middle ages. The earlier Stone folk, however, are known to us only by their graves, and remains of their habitations and implements. The ancient barrows and cromlechs of Britain and France, and the Gallery tombs of Scandinavia, contain the bones of the nameless warriors of this Age buried with their flint arrows and stone hatchets. The curious lake habitations of Switzerland, built by unknown tribes on piles over the water, also afford their remains, though some of these strange dwellings reach up to the time of Bronze and Iron. The shell-heaps of the primitive fishermen of the coast of Denmark, and the peat-bogs of various districts of Europe, afford additional remains of the people of this Age.

Here is a specimen of a monument of the period taken at random from hundreds which might be selected. It is the mount called Knock Maraidhe, or

sequel, is an almost precise counterpart of some of the oldest American interments.

Here is another picture. It is a "Gallery grave" in Sweden, as described by Nilsson. The walls consist of flat slabs of granite or gneiss, carefully joined together, forming a chamber from twenty to thirty feet long, and five to six feet high, which is roofed over with flat slabs of gneiss. In the centre of the long side, fronting the south, is a door leading outward through a gallery, also of stone, sixteen to twenty feet long, three feet high, and two to three feet broad. Around the sides of the chamber are stalls or niches, separated by partitions of wood or stone, and in these are the skeletons of the old people, seated with their legs bent under their bodies, or with the bones fallen together in a heap and the skull on top, and beside them their stone weapons and ornaments of shell or amber. The whole structure is buried under a mound or tumulus of earth. This, again, is the style of the family sepulchres of the modern Esquimaux. These instances represent the absolute Stone period before the use of bronze; but they belong to what has been called the Neolithic or later Stone period, in which stone implements of

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the most perfect kind existed, and in which the physical features and animal inhabitants of Europe were the same as at present.

In an earlier period of the Stone Age, animals existed now locally or wholly extinct, and there seem to have been climatal and geographical conditions somewhat different from those of the present. In France and Belgium, for example, there are indications that the reindeer, now confined to Lapland, and not known in Germany since the time of Cæsar, while there is no written record of its existence in Gaul, seems to have afforded a large part of the food of the inhabitants. There is even evidence that these earlier Stone people hunted the now extinct mammoth and its contemporaries. Take as an example the cave of Brumquel in the South

shells both from the Mediterranean and Atlantic, some at least of which must have been used as ornaments merely. At the time when these and similar earlier Flint folk lived, France must have been overgrown with dense forests, its climate must have been cool enough for the reindeer, and possibly the mammoth or extinct European elephant may not have disappeared.

But a still earlier Stone period, that more properly named the Palæolithic, appears to be indicated by quantities of roughly-shaped flint implements found in the valley of the Somme, at Hoxne, in Suffolk, and many other places, imbedded in clays and gravels of the river-beds, and in the earth and stalagmite of caverns along with remains of extinct mammals; * but as yet without any human bones

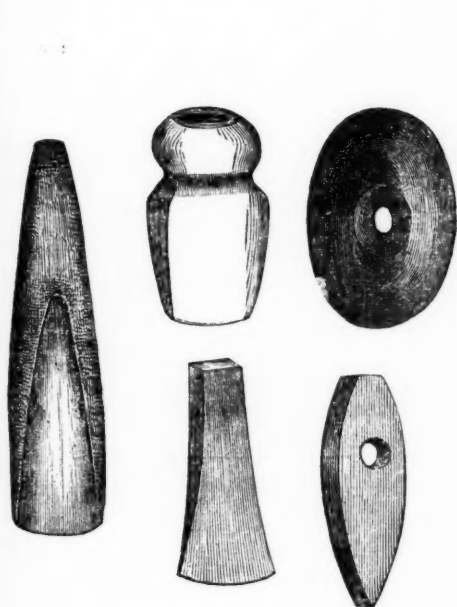


Fig. 3.—Implements of Polished Stone, Europe.
(After Nilsson.)

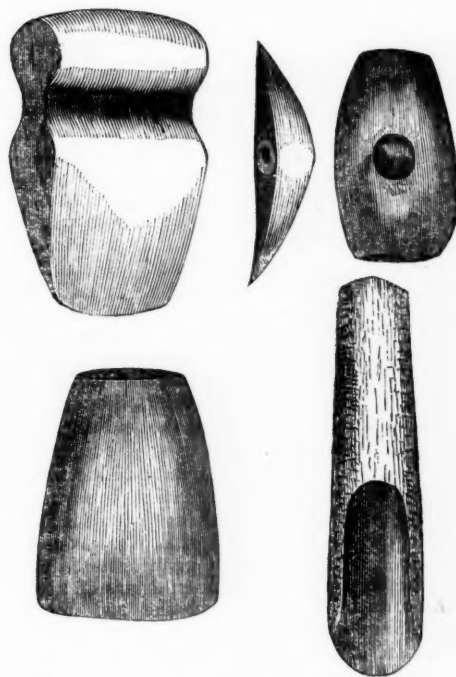


Fig. 4.—Implements of Polished Stone, North America.
(Partly after Squier.)

of France. It has apparently been used both as a house, and as a place of sepulture, and since its occupation a layer of hard stalagmite has accumulated over the earth and carbonaceous matter of its floor. Professor Owen, who examined the bones obtained in it, estimated the number of reindeer represented in his collections at 1,000.* There were also numerous remains of a species of horse. With these were remains of ten human beings, abundance of flint flakes and implements, and numerous bone implements, including harpoons exactly like those now used by the Esquimaux. On many of the bones were carved figures of animals. Portions of four implements made of mammoth ivory, and needles and pins of bone, were also found, and sea-

If these remains truly indicate a primitive Stone period of rough implements only, then man must have inhabited Europe before some of the later changes in its physical geography, at a time when the European land was more extensive than now, and when many large mammals now extinct still lived, and before the great movements of subsidence which have brought the European land to its present form.

For reasons to be stated in the sequel, however, it is doubtful if there really was a distinct Palæolithic period, properly so called. Many of the so-called implements are probably natural, and the manner in which they are found renders it possible that those actually fabricated by man belonged

* Transactions of the Royal Society.

* See "Pictures of Geologic Periods," "Leisure Hour," 1871.

merely to special stations of tribes who may have had other and better implements elsewhere. Still there seems to be evidence of the existence of the earlier Flint folk before the disappearance of the great Post-pliocene mammals now extinct, and before the last great subsidence or diluvian catastrophe of the northern continents. The men of this early age, if not properly "Palæolithic," were at least possibly antediluvian.

Penetrating beyond the so-called Palæolithic period, we find ourselves in the Post-pliocene or Glacial age of geology, in the later part of which it seems evident that nearly all the European land was under the sea, and the islands which remained were subject to a climate almost arctic in its character. Here we lose all traces of man, and if he existed in this period, it must have been in some of those portions of the world to which the subsidence and cold climate of the Glacial age did not extend. It is true that the supposed Palæolithic men are often called Post-pliocene, but when this term is used in a strict sense, as it is by Sir C. Lyell, it is with the limitation that human remains occur only at the close of the Post-pliocene, or the beginning of the modern period.

Whatever dates we may assign to these several stages of prehistoric man, and whatever value we may attach to such classifications, or whatever new light subsequent research may throw upon them, American facts enable us to attain to absolute certainty on certain material points. Of these, one is that the oldest populations known to us in Europe were not inferior either in physical character or the arts of life to the aborigines of America at the time of its discovery. Another is, that in their rude manufactures, their habits of life, their social institutions, and their religious beliefs, they must have resembled the Americans in the closest and most precise manner. These two great leading truths it will be my province to establish and illustrate in the following papers. In the meantime I may appeal to the eye by a few woodcut illustrations of implements and weapons of the Stone Age in Europe and America. In No. 1 figure I have given from Nilsson and others tracings of some common forms of arrow and spear heads of the best and the rudest styles of chipped flint, one of them being a weapon of the ancient Amiens type. In figure 2 are some similar tracings from Squier's memoir on the ancient natives of the Mississippi Valley. I have selected these as belonging to one of the most cultivated of the primitive populations of America, who were agriculturists, weavers, and skilful potters and workers in metal, yet used flint implements exactly similar to those of the ruder tribes. Figure 3 shows a group of polished stone implements from Nilsson, all European and of the so-called later Stone Age. In figure 4 are similar stone implements used by the same peoples who used those in figure 1, and at the same time. These, let it be observed, are not obtained by arbitrary selection of a few similar things out of many dissimilar. On the contrary, it would be possible to fill pages with such illustrations, showing that the handiwork of the red man from Terra del Fuego to Baffin's Bay is of similar character to that of prehistoric man in Europe. I cannot dwell here on all that is implied in such resemblance. To those who know the uses of such implements every one of them tells, not of a fancied instinct to make things of one form as birds make their nests, but of a wide range of similar

wants and habits leading to similar contrivances. Take, for instance, the hollow chisel or gouge in figure 4, used by the American Indian to tap the maple-tree, to extract its saccharine juice in spring, and also to hollow out wooden troughs to hold it; and consider all that is implied in the fact that precisely the same sort of chisel is found abundantly in Scandinavia, as represented in figure 3. Or, take the grooved axes in figures 3 and 4, and consider how much of experience in woodcraft is implied in the construction, handling, and use of such an implement, and with how many possible industries in wood it connects itself. Or take the rudely-chipped flint implements of "Palæolithic" type from the gravels of the Somme, in connection with the fact that the precisely similar style of implement used by the semicivilised mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley is held with much probability by some American antiquaries to have been an agricultural hoe, and what strange revelation may we have of the primitive farmers who possibly cultivated the alluvial flats of the Somme Valley with such tools, while they, perhaps, built their towns on hills beyond the reach of inundations. Such comparisons will grow and multiply on us as we proceed, and I must not anticipate them here. In following out these comparisons, moreover, I do not wish to restrict myself to the mere similarity of implements and other remains, but to present such pictures of the actual life of the American Indian as may enable us to place ourselves in his position, and to view things from his standpoint. By thus sitting at the feet of the red man, we may chance to discover some truths which the learned archaeologists of the old world have not yet attained, and in any case may hope to present some interesting and instructive pictures of primitive man in the old world and the new.

A CHAPTER ON NOSES.

THE Nose, the prominent feature in "the human face divine," was in ancient times a subject of respectful regard and consideration. The old-world writers were not given to make it the subject of grinning remark, or to go out of their way to hang their jokes upon it. We must come down considerably later than the classical times if we would discover when it was that man began to make a mock of his fellow-man's nose. Not, indeed, that the classical writers ignored the nose altogether. Quite the contrary. Thus Horace makes frequent allusion to it, sometimes humorously, as in the passage, "*Nasum nidore supinor*," (I snuff up my nose at a savoury smell); sometimes figuratively, as when he says, "*Non quia nasus illis nullus erat*" (Not because they could not smell); or again, "*Naso suspendis adunco ignotos*" (You turn up your nose at obscure people); and among the thousand and one neat things that Martial has left us, one of the neatest is the following, showing, as the reader will perceive, not only his caustic wit, but also the value he really set upon a good nose:—

"Tongilianus habet nasum; scio, non nego: sed jam Nil preter nasum Tongilianus habet."

Which may be freely rendered:—

Gilly has got a nose; I don't deny it:
But if he have aught else, I fail to spy it.

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The reader will please to observe that there is no intention in any of the above passages of making fun of the nose. "*Balatro suspendens omnia naso*" (literally, hanging everything on his nose) sounds comically enough to us, but to a Roman it merely meant sneering at everything, and was as far as possible from a joke or even a sarcasm. On the other hand, Horace, like Martial, shows us incidentally that with him a handsome nose was an object of admiration; witness the well-known passage,—

"Hunc ego me
Non magis esse velim, quam naso vivere pravo
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo"

(I would not live with a frightful nose, though it were accompanied with jet-black eyes and faven hair).

There are three national noses among civilised peoples, and only three—the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman. Each is of a description totally different from the other two, and all three have a distinct character of their own. The Jewish is the only national nose now remaining; the Greek and the Roman are occasionally reproduced among modern nations, but as national characteristics exist no longer. That the ancient Jews attached no slight importance to this feature is evidenced from Leviticus xxi. 18, where "he that hath a flat nose" is ranked with the blind and the lame, the crook-backed, the scurvy and the scabbed, and is forbidden to take part in the service of the sanctuary. The handsome Jewish nose is poetically described in the Song of Solomon, as being "like the tower of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus"—a very apt comparison to a Jew, because the towers of defence were built on the outer walls of the city or fortress, and in their outline projecting considerably from the plane of the wall, and rising perpendicularly to a certain height, then slanting in the roof a further height at an angle of about forty-five degrees, resembled when seen at a distance the form of a perfect masculine nose—at least, according to Jewish notions. There are remains of these towers still to be seen in Palestine, and to travellers who catch sight of them from afar they satisfactorily explain the text above quoted.

The Greek nose has come down to us in the Greek sculptures, and certainly accords better with our northern ideas of personal beauty than any other. Seen in profile, the outline is almost a continuation without curve or deviation of the outline of the forehead, and would seem, phrenologically considered, quite in harmony with the unparalleled progress of the Greeks in art, science, and philosophy. Among us moderns the perfect Greek nose is extremely rare, save on the canvas of our painters.

The Roman nose is the very incarnation of the idea of combativeness, and suggests the notion that it was borrowed from a bird of prey. In describing Julius Cæsar, Byron calls him

"The black-eyed Roman with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er
Beheld a conqueror, or looked along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name."

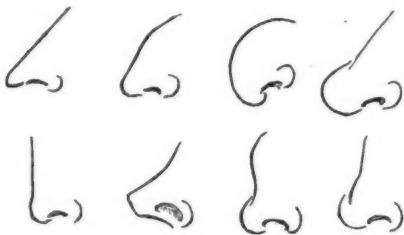
The "eagle's beak," as the observant student must be well aware, may be regarded as the common characteristic of men of a daring, dashing, audacious,

energetic, and enterprising nature; and taken by itself, it need not be looked upon as typical of anything very admirable or desirable—since its owner is often as thoughtless and unscrupulous as he is bold and dashing. It was said of Napoleon, that if he wanted in emergencies any bold thing done of a sudden, and had no tried man at hand to whom he could trust the exploit, he was accustomed to select a man with a good military nose, and that the person thus selected was generally successful. Napoleon was doubtless right as a rule; though had he chanced at any time to have hit upon a Tongilianus, he might have found himself deceived. But there are other qualities than dashing and daring necessary to ensure permanent success, the chief of which qualities are judgment and perseverance, of the possession of which the prominent nose is no indication, but rather the reverse. It is the prominent chin, and not the prominent nose, which marks the man of dogged, unswerving determination; and it is when nose and chin are correspondingly well pronounced, and both are backed by a capacious brain, that we have the true ideal of the successful commander of armies and the ruler of men. The facial outline of Julius Cæsar and of our own Iron Duke answered to this description; and if it be objected that this combination of features is by no means universal among great conquerors, the answer is that the world has seen but one Julius Cæsar and one Wellington.

Among the first of the celebrated scholars who cut jokes upon noses was the famous Erasmus, whose witticisms, it seems to us, were the worst part of him, and were often of a kind which the present-day public would not tolerate, and which, therefore, we shall not produce in the vulgar tongue. Shakespeare, a wittier and infinitely wiser man, gave free play to his humour on this particular subject, notably in his handling of Bardolph's nose, which, as the reader will remember, he endows with a wonderful power of luminosity, so that it might serve for a light in the dark, or to kindle a fire in case of need. Sterne has a most learned and formidable chapter on noses, concerning which we shall only remark, that witty as it is, it is no credit to the writer as a clergyman, and would be an offence to most of our readers. Lavater, in his "*Fragments on Physiognomy*," treats at length on noses of various forms, and in his zeal and eagerness to identify character, seems equally fond of handsome and ugly ones. He has considerable regard for flat noses, so detestable to the ancient Jews, and looks on them as indications of the finest moral qualities. But Lavater was too much of a dreamer to make a trustworthy physiognomist, and long before his death had lost faith in the reality of his imagined science.

Among the funny writers of the present generation the nose is known by no end of appellations of a quasi-humorous kind. It is the promontory, the sneezer, the sniffer, the smeller, the conk, the front line of the title-page, the handle, etc., etc. Jocosé scribblers compare it to the street-door knocker, to a polony, to the cut-water of a vessel, and so on. An Italian wit calls it *la piramide rinocerontica*, or the rhinoceros-like pyramid. Mr. Dickens describes an alderman's nose as the exact pattern of the last new strawberry. Sometimes the nose is a proboscis, or a snout; or the nasal organ, or the trumpet, or the sternutator; and in the case of snuff-takers one hears it spoken of contemptuously as the dust-box.

The nose has been still more freely handled by artists than by scribblers. There is an old etching, known as the Nose Etching, the work of some very clever Flemish engraver, the subject of which is a domestic group of some seven or eight figures—the father working at his carpenter's bench, the mother busy preparing the mid-day meal, and the younger members of the family all industriously employed. In all the figures the nose exceeds in size, or nearly so, the rest of the head, yet so admirable is the conception, there is not one plain, much less one forbidding face among them; even the babe in arms has the pure, innocent, infantine expression, and the general effect of the whole is in a high degree pleasing. Very different from this are the absurd exaggerations and distortions indulged in by the caricaturists of a few generations back, but which have happily now gone well-nigh out of vogue. There is a limit beyond which coarse exaggerations of feature, and of the nose especially, cannot be carried without degradation to the artist. Gillray seems to have struck the boundary exactly, and never overstepped it without doing violence to his instincts. Leech, who was a sort of refined Gillray, and a great deal more, was too thorough an artist to aim at effect by absurdly exaggerating a single feature, in which particular he resembled the greatest of all English delineators of character, Hogarth. Hogarth, who seems to have done everything thoroughly and according to system, in a treatise on the Art of Caricature appended to his "Analysis of Beauty," gives a list of the several kinds of noses, which he recommends the would-be caricaturist to get off by heart as boys at school do the several declensions and conjugations in learning grammar. "Noses," he says, "are—1, angular; 2, aquiline, or Roman; 3, parrot's-beak; 4, bulbous, or bottled; 5, straight, or Grecian; 6, turned-up, or snub; and 7, 8, mixed, or broken." And he gives their several outlines, thus:



It is plain that Hogarth's list forms but a very imperfect catalogue of noses, looking at the infinite variety of them one meets with in a day's walk. It would be difficult, however, to draw a single additional specimen that could be called typical, the mass of noses being of a mixed kind, and made up, so to speak, of parts, in greater or less proportion, of the types which Hogarth has given. It is somewhat remarkable that the rarest of all noses is not the graceful, handsome, or well-developed feature so perfect on the artist's canvas, but the nose, of whatever kind it may be, which is exactly central in the face, where, one would say, nature intended it should be. Examine closely a hundred heads, and you shall not, perhaps, find three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly, as it should do, from a right line drawn exactly through

the centre of the eyes. This divergence from regularity, in some instances extremely slight, but discoverable in nearly all faces, has been sought to be accounted for in various ways—by careless nursing, by sleeping during infancy too much on one side, or by the pressure of the maternal bosom, etc., etc.—but no satisfactory cause for it has yet been broached. It is attended, however, with one good result—it gives variety and character to the face, and renders it far more expressive of emotion than it otherwise would be. Of all the dull faces in the world, those most perfectly regular in feature are the dullest.

In the shaving days of our youth the barber was the only individual who was privileged to take society by the nose, and he did it with a graceful and urbane flourish of the sinistral digits peculiar to himself. In those days also it was thought that a man's nose was at least a settled thing, whatever other matters, public or private, were liable to disturbance. But we have altered all that. There is now a new science of Noseology springing up. Han's nose is not a settled thing. If you, my friend, do not like the nose you wear and have worn so long, there is a machine advertised, by wearing which occasionally you can remodel your nose to any pattern that may suit your fancy; and having gone to bed with a doleful snub, may rise some morning with the aquiline arch of great Cæsar himself. What audacity of genius and invention!

JOHN KEAST LORD.

IT was with much emotion that my eye fell upon the admirable portrait of the above noble man and high-class naturalist, in the November number of the "Leisure Hour." Mr. Frank Buckland's sparkling and hearty sketch of his life and character is not overdrawn, I have reason to affirm from what I knew and heard of Mr. Lord when myself out in British Columbia in 1858. He was naturalist to the British half of the Boundary Commission. In those early days we all of us lived a genuine Robinson Crusoe life, and such men as Lord, who, from large experience knew how to "rough it" smoothly, and extract pleasure and profit from drawbacks and dangers, were ever prized, and obeyed with alacrity and an affection *sui generis*, and unknown to those who "sit at home at ease."

My first introduction to Mr. Lord was in 1858, about the close of the year, as well as I can remember. It was just after my arrival at Vancouver Island, and whilst the guest of another of our great and modest scientific men, Captain George Richards, R.N., then at the head of the Hydrographic Survey out there, now Admiral Richards, the Hydrographer at the Admiralty. Captain Richards took me over from Thetis Cottage, on the shores of Esquimalt Harbour, to the temporary encampment of the Royal Engineers and Sappers who were about to proceed to mark out the boundary between British and United States territory, the ill-starred treaty that bred the San Juan difficulty, which, I fear, only slumbers even now.

They were all in the highest possible spirits, with Lord the soul of the party; full of the strange enterprise which had fallen to their lot, and displaying the apparatus, scientific instruments,

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arms, and stores which were waiting to be shipped off to the main land.

The cutting of the boundary was effected thus. The British and American Governments had agreed that the dividing line between the possessions of the two countries should be the 49th parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Each Government sent out a detachment of scientific men from their army to find out the 49th parallel, and then permanently made the line a fixed frontier. The expedition was called the Boundary Commission.

The officers by astronomical observations agreed upon the line, and then the sappers cut it. Now none who have not been in primeval forests can form any idea of the toil and peril of living always and working in them. All forests in merry old England are but woods and copses compared with the solemn realities of the colossal American provinces under timber, bearding mountain ranges, covering mighty plains, and holding the whole country in the silent but absolute power of one vast army of monsters, to root up each of which costs the poor colonist many a dollar, many a tear, and not a little sweat of the brow. Well, from ocean to range had this forest army to be attacked, and a lane cut about forty yards wide, all along the 49th parallel, making, when completed, a great "gang-way" from Rocky Mountain to Pacific Ocean. As the forest would soon replace the sturdy, obstinate warrior pines cut down by the sappers, some permanent memorial had to be used to keep the boundary marked for future generations. Iron posts were sunk in the centre of the great road-clearing to effect this end; upon each, in the casting, is embossed in large letters, "BOUNDARY TREATY. 1844." On the one side of the 49th parallel is our British Columbia, and upon the other the American Washington Territory.

Whilst they were thus busy preparing the new land for civilisation, my duty in the church militant was as a pioneer to be preparing it for evangelisation. As pioneer my first work lay very near theirs: at Port Langley, between twenty and thirty miles, as the crow flies, from the 49th parallel, I built the very first church and parsonage in that great colony of British Columbia, as large as France and part of Spain, and the colony which, by forming the complement of the Grand Canadian Confederation ("The Dominion") upon the Pacific seaboard, gives the whole inter-oceanic range of British North America to Great Britain, for commerce, colonisation, and strategic purposes. This first church was built in 1859. Soon after the devoted and able Bishop Hills came out with a large and symmetrical church organisation; and in no colony has the English Church obtained a more complete, early, and honourable footing than in British Columbia.

To illustrate the perils of the Boundary Commission enterprise, I will close this little sketch, suggested by seeing good Mr. Lord's portrait, by narrating a sad episode which occurred whilst they were (so far as they could be) under my supervision at Fort Langley, and before they penetrated into the lonely wilds, far from even the Indian's home. As may be imagined, life in the midst of a great forest, in a climate where gales are of continual occurrence, is one long peril to life and limb; every minute the crash is heard, far or near, of some forest monster; often enough close to the huts of the party—sometimes upon them, when asleep at

night, or at work in the day. In one gale a poor sapper was crushed to death by the fall of a pine. His dying wish was to receive Christian burial at my hands. His comrades resolved to attempt the fulfilment of his sacred wish. Although the measured distance might be only twenty-four miles, yet the carrying a burden through the forest was such an undertaking as none would attempt save from love, duty, or necessity. At last, late on one Sunday afternoon, the little party made its appearance, under Lieutenant Darrah, R.E., who, I believe, has since gone to join his comrade in arms. After the service in a small wooden mission chapel which I had erected up there on the sandspit, we went to the little cemetery belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and just outside the fort. After the graveside service I delivered an address to the people—store-keepers, Indians, Chinese, gold-miners, Hudson Bay Company's *employés*, but especially to the soldiers, who evidenced their deep grief in losing a comrade whom they loved much. They seemed to feel the address; and no marvel, for what comes from the heart finds its way to the heart. And after ministering to a "mixed multitude," composed of waifs and strays from every nation under the sun, it touched me to the quick, and brought dear old England home to me, to have a party of honest, intelligent, simple-minded Englishmen, full of respect and open to conviction, to whom to minister so many thousand miles away from all that was dearest upon earth.

Such is the outline of associations awakened by seeing your portrait of John Keast Lord, then naturalist to the Boundary Commission, part of which was represented on that Sabbath afternoon at a soldier's grave in a strange land.

Beverley.

W. B. CRICKMER.

UNATTACHED STUDENTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE attention of the readers of the "Leisure Hour" has been already called to the fact that there has been established for some time, at the University of Oxford, a scheme by which persons may become members of that University without entering at any one of the colleges or halls. It is not generally known that in the year 1869 a similar plan was formed at the sister University. We therefore think it may be of use to point out the salient features of this plan, and also to indicate the advantages which Cambridge offers to the diligent and resolute student.

For full explanation of this system, we cannot do better than quote the document which provides "Information relating to Non-Collegiate Students in the University of Cambridge":—

"Students are admitted members of the University without being members of any college or hostel. Such students keep terms by residing in Cambridge with their parents, or in lodgings duly licensed, and are entitled to be matriculated, examined, and admitted to degrees in the same manner and with the same status and privileges as students who are members of colleges. They are under the jurisdiction of the vice-chancellor and proctors, and are required to pay due obedience to all academical regulations.

"Each applicant for admission must produce a

testimonial to character, with a reference to two respectable persons, and also, if not twenty-one years of age, a statement from his parent or guardian that the applicant has his permission to reside at the University as a non-collegiate student.

"Students are under the supervision of the censor, to whom they may apply for advice and direction, and by whom their daily residence in the University is registered. They are to report themselves to him on their arrival in Cambridge, and at the end of each term's residence to obtain leave from him to go down. During residence they are to call on him, and write their names in a book to be kept for the purpose, at times to be indicated by him.

"There are three terms in the year—viz., the Michaelmas Term, beginning October 1st, and ending December 16th; the Lent Term, beginning January 13th, and ending the Friday before Good Friday; and the Easter Term, beginning the Friday after Easter Day, and ending the Friday after the last Tuesday but one in June.

"It is necessary to reside two-thirds of every term, that it may count for a degree. Nine terms' residence is required for each of the degrees B.A., LL.B., and M.B. Students are not to engage lodgings for themselves without the consent of the censor, nor for more than one term in advance. In considering any proposed lodgings, they are advised to ascertain clearly whether the price charged includes (1) attendance, (2) boot-cleaning, (3) firing, (4) lights for passages or for rooms, (5) cooking, (6) use of linen, articles for the table, crockery, and all other requisites.

"Every student has to pay to the board at the commencement of each term of residence, until he has been admitted to a degree, the sum of thirty-five shillings, and to the University the same quarterly capitation-tax as he would have been liable to pay had he been a member of a college. Such sums must be paid in advance, and no student whose payments shall be in arrear will be considered as resident in the University. He must also pay to the board a fee of three guineas on admission to every degree after the first.

"Each student, on admission, pays £2 caution money to the censor. The fee to the University at matriculation is fifteen shillings; other fees and dues to the University are the same as for members of colleges. In ordinary cases the fees payable as above are the following:—

To the board . . .	per annum	£5	5	0
Capitation-tax . . .	"	0	17	0
Matriculation fee . . .		0	15	0
Previous examination fee . . .		2	10	0

"All these fees are to be paid through the censor."

The above information will convey some idea as to the nature of the scheme and the general regulations. It will be seen how small are the University fees and dues; they are, indeed, within the means of almost any person who would be likely to desire the advantages resulting from the Cambridge training. Of course, in considering expenses we must of necessity omit the cost of lodging. This would vary according to the pecuniary means of the student; the lowest charges are usually about thirteen shillings per week. We must also omit all reference to additional expenditure arising from clothes, railway travelling, books, professors' lectures, etc. With respect to lectures and tuition, the expenditure is principally

determined by the nature of the study. It is generally considered in Cambridge hopeless for a man to obtain a high place in the mathematical tripos without the assistance, for a portion of his course, at least, of a private tutor. The fee for this is commonly £8 per term. In the mathematical, classical, and natural and moral science departments much assistance is now given by the system of inter-collegiate lectures. These lectures are open to members of certain colleges and to all non-collegiate students, on payment of a fee of from £1 1s. to £3 3s. per term for each course. These are often valuable substitutes for a private tutor, being delivered by some of the most eminent Cambridge residents.

The claims of natural science to an important and honourable place in our system of education, which are being asserted so vigorously in all parts of our country, have not been forgotten in Cambridge. Although the natural science tripos has only been established twenty-two years, the study of science has developed greatly in Cambridge since that time, and students of science will find many advantages for the prosecution of their studies at the University, which can boast among its professors men who rank in the very forefront of scientific research. The museums are of great assistance to the student, as they contain most valuable collections, and are admirably arranged and superintended. The Museum of Geology (which is shortly to be removed to a more commodious edifice, to be erected in memory of the late Professor Sedgwick) contains a collection of palaeozoic fossils scarcely equalled by that of any other museum. The Chemical Laboratory has recently been enlarged, and is now well adapted to the wants of students of this important science. The fee to be paid for using the Laboratory is £2 2s. per term. The new Cavendish Laboratory for Experimental Physics (erected through the munificence of the eminent Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Devonshire), which will soon be ready for use, will be a great and inestimable boon to all those who are investigating the phenomena of heat, magnetism, and electricity, and few better teachers could be found than Professor J. Clerk-Maxwell.

There is likewise a small laboratory for mineralogical purposes, under the supervision of Professor Miller.

For the study of biology, the apparatus is not at present in so advanced a condition, but there is every likelihood of a speedy reformation in this department. There are classes every term, and also during part of the long vacation, for the practical study of anatomy, both human and comparative; also for microscopic anatomy, and for osteology, both human and comparative. The study of practical physiology in the Physiological Laboratory is being conducted by Dr. Michael Foster, F.R.S., one of the ablest of English physiologists. The study of physiology has recently received a considerable impetus at Cambridge, the classes being largely attended, and great interest being manifested by the students. There is every reason to believe that increased accommodation and greater facilities for the prosecution of this science will be afforded before long.

This not only recommends itself to students of natural science, but also to medical students. For them there is provided at Cambridge an admirable medical training, combined with general culture arising from the other studies of the place. At Caius College there are offered four Tancred Studentships

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of Medicine, each of the annual value of £113 8s., tenable for eight years. Candidates for these are examined in classics and mathematics, and the circumstances of the candidates, as well as the result of the examination, are taken into account. Non-collegiate students are eligible to be candidates for these studentships. If one is obtained, the successful candidate must enter at Caius College. Thus, a person might come up to Cambridge intending to pursue the study of medicine. He might enter as a non-collegiate student, and, passing his previous examination, or "little go," in his first year, might obtain one of these studentships, and enter at Caius College.

For the student of theology Cambridge affords great advantages, by reason of the large number of prizes and exhibitions which are given in connection with this subject.

We have not called attention to the unrivalled facilities which Cambridge offers to the votaries of the old standard studies, mathematics and classics, because these are known to all, and are generally conceded. The University of Cambridge is known to be the mathematical university *par excellence*, and since the establishment of the Classical Tripos in 1824, it has certainly not been surpassed by Oxford in that branch of learning, while in some respects it has certainly outstripped the sister University, having produced of late years a great number of our most elegant and accomplished classical scholars.

It should be mentioned that if a non-collegiate student should at any time desire to become a member of a college, he is at perfect liberty to do so. At some of the colleges scholarships are open for competition to non-collegiate students, and at the largest college in Cambridge several such students have taken some of the most valuable of the college scholarships. Of course it will be understood that should a scholarship be gained, the student must enter his name at that college at which he is successful.

The present number of non-collegiate students at Cambridge is about sixty.

Varieties.

STRIKES AND INTERFERENCE WITH LIBERTY OF LABOUR IN AMERICA.—It is a common saying in America that what Illinois thinks one year the whole Union will think the next—so largely is that State credited with the guidance of public opinion. If that should be the case in the example now before us, we may soon expect to see a very decisive judgment pronounced by the people of the United States on certain questions just now rather loudly discussed among ourselves. The working classes represented in Trade Unions have protested strongly against what they term "special legislation"—in other words, legislation directed against themselves—and they are now crying out for the total and unconditional repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Their contention is that working men should be subject only to such laws as affect the whole community alike, and that it is an affront to them to legislate on the assumption that they are more prone to offend than others, or that their offences call for special penalties in the way of repression. We have already expressed our opinion as to the proportion of fairness and unfairness involved in this demand, and we desire now only to explain the view taken of the matter in Illinois, as expressed in an Act of the State Legislature which has just become law. The first section of the Bill recognises in the clearest manner the absolute right of every individual workman to perfect freedom of action in the sale of his labour, and declares it a misdemeanour for any person to interfere with his proceedings in this respect. The terms of the enactment at this point are as follows:—"If any person shall by threat, intimidation, or unlawful interference seek to prevent any other person from working, or from obtaining work, at any lawful business, on any terms that he or she may see fit, such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding 100 dollars."—*The Times*.

MR. FROUDE ON IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.—"Fixity of tenure" is what agitators are now proposing, and what Mr. Froude has unwisely given the sanction of his name to. A few sentences of his last American lecture will express clearly the nature of the new tenant-right claim. "In Ireland," says Mr. Froude, "the law is not yet what it ought to be. The tenant must be compensated when he is evicted, but he may still be evicted. The landlord must now pay the tenant five years' rent if he wished to be rid of him, but I have known of Irish peasants who so loved their homes that they would not leave them for a hundred years' rent. I would have no evictions." Test this rhetoric by the analogous case of house property, and see what an extravagant proposition it is. The tenant of a house might have the same sentimental attachment to the place where his family ties were formed, but if he is only a tenant he must quit on the expiring of his lease, if the landlord requires the house. To give a money payment for him to go out would be a strange boon conferred by law, and this is what Irish tenants have got by the Land Act. If the occupier of either land or house wishes to indulge the sentimental "love of home" it must be by possessing a freehold property of his own. Make the purchase of land more easy in Ireland if you will, but do not encourage the tenant to indulge his tastes at the cost of the lawful owner of that property of which he is only a temporary occupier.—"*Ireland in 1872*," by Dr. Macaulay.

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.—Increase in wealth has increased the amount of slave holding. "We constantly meet," said a person resident in Egypt, "with cases of Government *employés*, on salaries of only £5 per month, who manage to purchase a slave as a domestic servant, such as a few years ago would only have been found in the houses of the wealthy. We know many families of the only 'well-to-do' who have six or seven slaves." The result of slavery being prevalent is that menial labour is not considered respectable:—"Household work has come to be looked upon as a degradation. I have seen" (Sir Bartle Frere is quoting) "hundreds of girls of the lower and middle classes passing through the female schools maintained or visited by Europeans, but no one of them would undertake for hire household work of any kind under any consideration. They would say, 'Am I a slave, that I should do such work?'" The Mohammedans are not the only guilty ones. In the notes of "unofficial information," which Sir Bartle Frere subjoins to his memorandum, it is stated that, "Even among the Egyptian Christians, Copts, and Syrians, domestic slavery is common. The Copts are in this respect but little better than the Turks and Arabs. We had an instance in the Patriarch himself. He was sent to Abyssinia by Said Pasha, and brought down, it is

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

GOLD, for the King whose grace hath set me free,
And, heavenly sweet upon this earthly air,
FRANKINCENSE for my God of praise and prayer,
And **MYRRH** for Him who agonised for me,
And, tasting, drank not on the awful Tree;
Who, having loved me unto death, was laid
With myrrh and spices in the funeral glade
By ministering hands from Galilee.
O KING and Master, lo! my all is Thine:
O God, my God, 'tis very meet and right
Should be set forth at even in Thy sight,
The incense of my spirit's inner shrine.
O MAN, my Brother, this my portion be,
Till morn to suffer and to die with Thee!

said, nineteen slaves with him. Two of these he gave to his sister. One of these slaves wished to be baptized for years, and was refused permission by his mistress, because, she said, 'it was possible they might require to sell him.' The great obstacle to the suppression of the traffic is the absence of any public opinion condemning the purchase and possession of slaves. I have heard a respectable Coptic merchant inveigh bitterly against the tyranny of the English Government 'interfering with the trade of honest people in this matter.' Clandestinely, it is carried on to a large extent, and is stimulated by the difficulty in obtaining domestic servants which is observed in Egypt, as in England. One informant, whose figures Sir Bartle quotes with hesitation, said that 10,000 slaves were annually imported into Egypt. The regions which Egypt could influence are the seat of a far vaster trade. These countries, between the Red and Arabian Seas on the east and the Atlantic to the west are roughly estimated to contain 80,000,000 negroes, and the annual drain consequent on slavery is estimated at 1,000,000. —*Sir Bartle Frere's Report.*

LIQUORICE.—The cultivation of the liquorice plant in this country is confined to the neighbourhood of Pontefract. The plant resembles a bunch of young ash saplings, growing in twigs of four or five from each root to about two feet in height. The roots are about two or three feet deep, requiring very deep soil for full growth. At first it is set in a deep trench, and afterwards earthed up like celery. Cabbages are generally grown in the furrows, which come to perfection some weeks earlier than those on the open market gardens, from the shelter of the ridges.

SAND-BLAST FOR CUTTING AND ENGRAVING.—To cut a face or level surface on a rough stone, the sand-jet is made to cut a groove about one inch deep along the whole length of the stone, the overhanging edge is then broken off with the hammer, and the jet is advanced an inch and a new groove is cut, and its overhanging edge is broken off, and so on. To cut a deep channel, as in quarrying, two jets are used, making parallel grooves about three inches apart, leaving between them a narrow fin or tongue of stone, which is broken off by a tool, and the jets are advanced and new grooves cut. Sand driven by an air-blast of the pressure of four inches of water, will completely grind or depolish the surface of glass in ten seconds. If the glass is covered by a stencil of paper or lace, or by a design drawn in any tough elastic substance, such as half dried oil, paint, or gum, a picture will be engraved on the surface. Photographic copies in bi-chromated gelatin, from delicate line engravings, have been thus faithfully reproduced on glass. In photographic pictures in gelatin, taken from nature, the lights and shadows produce films of gelatin of different degrees of thickness. A carefully regulated sand-blast will act upon the glass beneath these films more or less powerfully in proportion to the thickness of the films, and the half tones or gradations of light and shade are thus produced on the glass. If the sand-blast is applied to a cake of resin on which a picture has been produced by photography in gelatin, or drawn by hand in oil or gum, the bare parts of the surface may be cut away to any desired depth. The lines left in relief will be well supported, their base being broader than their top, and there being no under cutting, as is apt to occur in etching on metal with acid. An electrotype from this matrix can be printed from in an ordinary press. The sand-blast has been applied to cutting ornaments in wood, cleaning metals from sand, scale, etc., cleaning the fronts of buildings, graining or frosting metals, cutting and dressing mill-stones, and a variety of other purposes.

MEAT PRICES.—The high price of meat is partly accounted for by the following statement as to the mode of supply for London. We are told that at all times of the year the supply is limited; it is never excessive. There are too many useless and unnecessary persons obtaining livelihoods between the producer and the consumer. An animal fattened in Norfolk frequently passes through three or four markets and sales before it gets to the cattle market in London, and there is often sold twice or thrice, then slaughtered and sent to the meat market in Smithfield, where the carcass is sold and resold by the jobbers, and at last finds its way into the shops of the retail butchers; half a dozen profits, where, in the true interest of the consumer, three or four of them could and should be dispensed with. The salesmen compete most keenly in obtaining the best price they can in the interest of their consigner, and, of course, he who is enabled to return the best price has the largest quantities of meat for sale. This is done by various processes. The first necessity is capital; large credits are given. Frequently money is found for persons in the country to purchase the meat and animals and send them to London. It is commonly

understood in the markets that the retail men who can pay ready money for their articles can purchase 1*d.* or 1½*d.* in the stone of 8*lb.* cheaper than those who take credit. Where one pays cash, five are credit purchasers. This does not arise because the butcher has not a fair amount of capital to carry on his business, but because in some districts the retail tradesmen take all ready money, while in others hardly any person pays his tradesmen oftener than once a month, and in some instances the butcher would lose his customer if he asked for money more frequently than once a year. The first thing necessary to bring about a more healthy state of things is that the public should pay cash on delivery for their food: less capital would be required to carry on the trade, and a more direct control over housekeeping expenses would arise, a matter very necessary in these days of high prices. The butcher then would be enabled to pay cash.

THE LANDSEER FAMILY.—Sir Edwin's father was an artist, an engraver, and art-critic. One of his brothers, Mr. Charles Landseer, is a member, and was formerly Keeper of the Royal Academy; another brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer, Associate Engraver of the Academy, is known in the world of art literature by his "Life and Letters of William Bewick," published in 1867. Their sister, Miss E. Landseer, also exhibited for many years, both at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, as did another relative, Henry Landseer. Mr. Stephens, in his book on the "Early Work of Sir E. Landseer," records "that at the British Institution Exhibitions of 1821, 1822, and 1823, Miss Landseer, Mr. E. Landseer, and Mr. H. Landseer appear together in the catalogue." On the same authority we learn that Landseer's early drawings and etchings at South Kensington "were for the most part presented to the nation with the Sheepshanks gift of pictures and drawings, though some came with the Vernon gift, and many were undoubtedly in the possession of Mr. Vernon before they passed into the hands of Mr. Sheepshanks." It is interesting also to know that the drawings and sketches at South Kensington are specimens picked out by Sir Edwin's father from a much larger number, and that there are extant notes in that father's handwriting testifying with affectionate pride, most pardonable in a parent, that some of these drawings were made when his son was only five years old.

CROWDING TO ROME.—The daughter of an old Earl of Devonshire, having embraced the Romish faith, was asked by Archbishop Laud her reason for changing her religion. "It is chiefly," she replied, "because I hate to travel in a crowd." The meaning of these words being demanded, she gave the following explanation: "I perceive that your grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and therefore to prevent my being jostled I have gone before you."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—It is important to observe that accidents are mainly due to a steady repetition of the same causes. There is no reason to expect that any amount of remonstrance with the companies will have the slightest effect in inducing them to take more care of travellers. They have apparently settled down to the fatalistic conviction that railways are possible only on condition that so many lives shall be sacrificed every year, as they used to be to the dragons of old, and that the public must make up its mind to accept this condition. There is only one way of touching the companies, and that must be left to the juries who will have to deal with the claims for damages. Costly and troublesome suits have to be undertaken in order to recover compensation. The railway companies are armed with all sorts of summary penalties against passengers, and it is only fair that passengers should have similar facilities for prosecuting their claims against the companies. There is no other method of checking the criminal recklessness and perversity of railway managers. In a less patient and orderly society, one or two of them would, perhaps, be lynched. —*Saturday Review.*

IRISH NATIONAL SCHOOLS.—At this moment the general body of British taxpayers are lavishing immense sums annually in maintaining and spreading, not only the Roman Catholic doctrines of a former age, but also the new tests of orthodoxy, and the new objects of Divine worship lately invented by our ingenious neighbours across the British Channel. Shocking as the pretended revelations of Mary Alacoque must be to all simple Christians, the whole British people are now instilling them into the minds of the rising Irish generation by means of State-paid schools abandoned to the absolute control of the priesthood, and we are now told in a way not to be mistaken, by archbishops and bishops, that unless we do this, and more also, we may expect to find Ireland a difficulty, if not a foe, in any question of national safety or honour. —*Times.*

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